



MAINE FARMER

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

We rejoice to find that at last a very important step has been taken towards the consummation of so desirable an object as the establishment of a department of Agriculture at Washington. This step is a bill framed by the Congressional Committee on Agriculture, reported and ordered to be printed. We are indebted to our friend H. Bridge, Esq., of the Navy Department, for a copy of the bill, and also an able report from the committee accompanying the bill in which its passage is urged with great ability. Mr. Holloway, the chairman of the committee, goes into a history of the movement for such a department as started by Washington, and gives quotations from the messages of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Polk, Taylor and Fillmore all of whom recommended the measure. Nothing definite however, we believe, has been done until the present bill reported by Mr. Holloway, which throws the question directly before Congress for them to adopt or reject.

Mr. H. very properly remarks in his report, that "Agriculture is the basis of our national prosperity. It is the substratum of all our interests, and the degree of advancement which marks the progress of our country and its people in wealth, enterprise, education, and substantial independence, is measured by the prosperity of its rural interest. It is one of those arts which, from the earliest periods, have been deservedly held in the highest estimation. One of the first injunctions upon our original progenitor, after his expulsion from the garden of Eden, was that he should 'till the soil.' The great necessity which is the will of Infinite Wisdom made this command imperative from the first, has ever since existed; and the experience of all the world in all periods of its history, has fully demonstrated that the cultivation of the soil is of primary importance in securing prosperity, and hence should receive the first and most liberal patronage of the Government. It furnishes the material upon which the manufacturer exerts his skill. It furnishes commerce with its business, and is intimately connected with the moral, social and political interests of the people. In our country, above all others, should this great interest be promoted."

We have called the attention of our readers to this subject, and urged the necessity of such a department connected with our government at Washington in order that this interest of all interests might receive the attention and aid of the nation, which its true importance demands. We should like to pursue this subject further at this time, but can at present only give an outline of the bill, reserving other remarks for another time. We can only add now that we hope and trust that Congress at the next session will pass the bill.

"The first section of the bill provides for the appointment, by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, of a Secretary, who shall hold his office by the same tenure as the Secretaries of the Executive departments, and receive as a salary five thousand dollars per annum. The object in not making a full Secretary, and a member of the Cabinet, is to avoid, as far as possible, political partisanship. If a member of the Cabinet, the Secretary would necessarily be a politician, and much of his time would be devoted to the investigation of political questions, in which his department could have but little interest. As it is designed to make this strictly an economical, practical, and scientific department, it is to be hoped, whatever may be the changes of party, that this department, like the Supreme Court, will remain undisturbed, so long as it is well administered. The second section defines the duties of the Secretary to be, to collect agricultural statistics, pursue investigations for promoting agricultural and rural economy, procure and distribute seeds, cuttings, and bulbs, under such rules and regulations as he shall prescribe. The third section provides for the appointment of a chief clerk, and four men of sufficient scientific and practical qualifications to prosecute such investigations in agricultural science and rural economy as he may direct, at a salary of two thousand dollars per annum. Also four clerks at one thousand five hundred dollars per annum, and four operators, at not more than three dollars per day when actually employed. Section four provides for the appointment in each State of the Union of one corresponding agent, whose duty it shall be to collect such agricultural statistics, information in regard to the amount of land in cultivation, the extent and state of the respective crops, and such other statistics as said Secretary may direct, and under such rules as said Secretary may prescribe; and shall receive such compensation as the Secretary may deem proper, no one to receive more than five hundred dollars per annum. The object and utility of this section must be apparent to all. The farmers of this country have too long been dependent upon the commercial press of the country for their knowledge of the extent of the crops, and the effect to be produced by a failure or abundant production. Without being disposed to impugn the motives or denounce the conduct of the press, experience convinces us that operators and speculators in agricultural products have too frequently subsidized the press to advance their personal interests at the expense of the producer. By correct statements of the extent and probable production of the crops in each State—the number of cattle, hogs, sheep, horses, &c., &c.—all of which is easily

and cheaply obtained through the officers of each State, and these statements published from month to month, the producer will be enabled to form a correct estimate as to the value of each, without being mystified by the statements of interested parties or purchasers. This section provides for the appointment of corresponding agents in the different governments of the world with whom we have commercial relations by treaty, whose duties shall be similar to those of the agents in the States, and at like compensation. It is presumed the Secretary will select for these agents, whenever qualified, American consuls, and in the States the secretaries of the State Boards of Agriculture, where such are or may be established. With agents in the States and the different governments of the world, our producers will have all the advantages of information that speculators can have.

The fifth section provides for an official seal of the department, and the attestation of records, &c. Section six provides for the taking of oaths of office and the giving of bonds for the faithful discharge of the duties and safe disbursement of the funds. Section seven provides for a library of works upon the subject of agriculture. Section eight provides for the collection and exhibition of specimens of seeds, fruits, plants, insects, and other animals of interest to the farmer.

Ninth section requires a transfer by the Secretary of the Interior to the Secretary of Agriculture, of the books, papers, and all other articles now connected with his department. Section ten provides for the publication of monthly reports through the public press, or otherwise, of the facts elicited through the corresponding agents."

CASE HARDENING.

To the enquiries of a subscriber, who signs himself "Young Mechanic," whether a piece of wire, say ten inches long, can be made hard, while the other part remains soft we are usually to answer, that it can be done by what is called "case hardening." By this process, the iron subjected to it is covered with a thin portion of steel, or, it would be more proper to say that a portion of the outside is converted into steel.

If our friend wishes to render, say one-half of his piece of wire, or other iron, harder than the other, all that will be necessary to do will be to plunge one-half into a mixture of materials which will yield or give carbon to the iron, and it will thus become steel, and may be hardened like any steel. As this must be subjected to heat, it would be well to cover over the part required to be kept soft, in order to prevent its oxidizing or being burnt, with a coating of clay or whitewash.

The material generally used for this purpose is a mixture of horsehair, burnt leather, and sometimes bone-dust. These are put into a sheet iron case, or box, surrounding the piece of wire to be case hardened. A wire is wound around the box or covering—the joints luted over with clay mortar to keep out common air, and the whole subjected to a red heat for some time, according to the size of the thing to be case hardened, say from half an hour to three hours. The box or case may then be opened. If, on examination, the conversion of the outside is not complete, it may be subjected to a second heating.

By a little practice, our young friend will undoubtedly succeed in accomplishing what he desires in this matter.

JOTTINGS FROM PHILLIPS.

HAY. There was, in this vicinity, more than an average growth of this indispensable article to farmers; but through the influence of almost an unknown "bad time" for haymaking, there is, doubtless, much more entirely spoiled for fodder, than was summered over. Many have hauled tons into the barn-yard, it being fit for manure only, while much more remains uncut, and will be left to rot in the ground.

WHEAT. This looked well, and we had promised ourselves with a fair crop, until the weevil, mideworm, rust and hail-storms have blasted the cherished hope by the destruction of whole fields of this valuable production. Now we are endeavoring to be content with half a crop, or less, and to out the garment accordingly.

CORN. As yet, the prospect for a full crop of this cereal is good. The growth is good generally, and from one week to ten days earlier than last year. So are beans, as they are usually planted with corn in this section, at present looking promising.

POTATOES. This portion of the farmer's crop has looked remarkably promising till within a few days. An exuberant growth of tops, with a good "set" of bottoms of these roots had added strength to this promise; but the continued wet weather has left its mark, and they are now beginning to look bad—very bad. The stench that already arises from a field of potatoes is almost unendurable, in passing them under a gentle shower; thus showing us, unmistakably, that the loss in this part of the crops will be very severe. These that are latest, will suffer most, of course. Rust has come—severely, too, and the "rot" is near at hand.

APPLES. This delicious, healthy, and so much neglected fruit is nearly a failure. Occasionally, a tree is seen with a goodly amount of apples upon it. Old cider, will, without doubt, be "rare" next spring. Hence many an ache and pain the loss, if water—pure cold water—shall be made to supply its place.

Other fruits, berries, and vegetables of the eatable kinds have been, and are, a fair crop; thus adding to the luxuries of living in Maine, where the partridge, the trout, the blueberry, the blackberry, the sugar-plum and raspberry abound the year round.

O. W. T.

Phillips, Sept. 1, 1856.

DEEP PLOWING greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet. Subsoiling sound land, that is, land that is not wet, is also eminently conducive to increased production.

WINTER WHEAT.

Why is winter wheat more liable to be winter killed in old and long cultivated soils than in new ones? It is a fact observable in the very best wheat sections, not only of the northern and middle States, but of the western and southern States, that wheat on new lands stands the winter better than on old lands; and that this crop grows more precocious, in this respect, as the country grows older and is longer cultivated.

A writer over the signature of Y., in the Commercial Review, a very excellent paper, published in Louisville, Ky., advances some very good ideas upon this subject. He attributes the cause why wheat goes through the winter more safely on new lands than on old, to the greater amount of vegetable matter which is undergoing decay and acts as a mulch to the roots of the wheat. The following somewhat copious extract from his communication will be read by those who feel an interest in the culture of wheat among us:—

"Perhaps the shortest road to a knowledge of these difficulties will be found by instituting a comparison between wheat growing as practiced by the early settlers of Kentucky and the same business as practiced by the farmers of the present."

Fifty years ago, this crop was of easy culture, and a fair return certain; even in lands soon too thin the plants tillered until the stools covered the soil. Fifty years ago, the plants were so strong at the approach of winter, the farmers frequently grazed off the blades without apparent injury, and when the spring growth set in, the crop made heads to joint and bloom, and arrived at early maturity. Now the winter rains seem feeble in habit, and farmers cease to value them as pasture plants. Now, it often happens to a crop promising in autumn, that by spring the expanding frosts have snapped most of the fibrous roots which anchored the plants in the soil, and they lie more dead than alive upon the surface until new roots put out from the enlarged column, and a new germinating growth takes place before they are ready (that is, strong enough) to joint and flower, changing the character of the crop, and making it a sort of spring wheat, maturing so late as to be subjected to all the hot weather diseases.

Again: Fifty years ago, no doubt a Kentucky soil was much richer than at present; but a loss of fertility in the soil is no proper measure of the growing difficulty in wheat culture; for even now, after a mild winter as in 1855, the whole breadth of land, rich and poor, returns a fair yield, and in other cases poor lands in good heart make the best yield. From these considerations, it seems reasonable to infer that it is ability to afford winter protection to plants, quite as much as external fertility, that makes new countries so congenial to wheat culture. A virgin soil in a state of nature is covered with a coating of organic or vegetable matter, always going to decay by slow combustion, but always being renewed by fresh growth. Subjected to constant cropping, this decay continues to go on without the renewal, and ultimately the clays of the soil come to the surface. The humus of a virgin soil is a sort of mulching, and the plants embedded in and beneath it are protected from excessive moisture and from cold.

Considerations like these incline me to think that, in a climate like Kentucky, winter is the trying ordeal through which the wheat crop has to pass, and all assistance designed to secure a better yield should, if possible, be applied in advance of winter. The ground should be prepared and left in a condition to neutralize the action of the frost, each particular case to be determined by the good sense of the operator. I have known good results to follow putting in a crop when clouds lay scattered thickly above the general surface in which the plants were imbedded, and a remarkable instance of the effect of preparation once came under my observation. It was this: A farmer of the Maryland school was hurrying to get in an eighty-acre field of wheat by the 10th of October, beginning to snow on the 1st, and by way of hastening the process, he was harrowing in the crop on lands plowed well in August and September. When the 10th of October arrived, ten or twelve acres of the field were still unharrowed. Being behind time, according to tenets of the Maryland school, with this ten or twelve acres, he determined to cross plow and sow this part of the crop in better style, which delayed the sowing to the 16th of October. In the following harvest, the last sowing was first ripe, and the best wheat. Other means of increasing the yield must consist principally in the application of fertilizers, of which there is an indefinite number; and as an example of their value in the premises, I may mention that a modest, thrifty farmer of this county has, for some twenty years, applied his stock of stable manure to a part of his wheat crop each year, with the most gratifying results, and that his manured lot the present season bids fair to yield thirty bushels per acre, whilst the remainder of his lot will not yield half that amount.

Having already made this a long article, I shall reserve what else I intend to suggest for another time."

ARE THE WEEVILS ALL MILDREWD?

Our neighbor, John O. Wing of Winthrop, met us the other day, quite jubilant with the idea of a first-rate wheat crop another year. John's bump of hope, always large, was particularly animated on this occasion, for, while we were deploring the damage done to the present crop, he was rejoicing in it, because of the extra produce that was to come off in 1857, in consequence of our present disasters. On enquiring into the grounds of his prophecy, he said that he had examined the wheat in several fields during the wet weather and he had found that the wet and drizzly weather which had caused rust and mideworm, and shrivelled the wheat, had also brought destruction to the weevil, which he also found shrivelled and mildewed, as well as the wheat. We hope that this is true. We could well dispense with one year's crop, if, by its destruction, we should also be rid of this little great destroyer. May he be everlastingly subdued.

STATE FAIRS FOR 1856.

The following table shows the times and places for holding the different State Fairs, the coming fall. The Canadian Societies are included in the list. This will be found very convenient for reference:—

State	Place	Time
Alabama	at Montgomery	Sept. 12, 13, 14
American Institute, N. Y. City	Sept. 20 to Nov. 1	
Am. Pomological Soc., at Rochester, N. Y.	Sept. 24	
California, at San Jose	Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10	
Canada East, at Three Rivers	Sept. 16, 17, 18	
Canada West, at Kingston	Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26	
Connecticut, at New Haven	Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10	
Georgia, at Atlanta	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23	
Illinois, at Alton	Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 2, 3	
Indiana, at Indianapolis	Sept. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25	
Iowa at Muscatine	Oct. 8, 9, 10	
Kentucky at Paris, Bourbon Co.	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1, 2	
Maryland, at Baltimore	Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24	
Michigan, at Detroit	Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 2, 3	
New Hampshire	Oct. 8, 9, 10	
N. H. State Horse Fair, Manchester	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1, 2	
New Jersey, at Newark	Sept. 10, 11, 12	
New York at Watertown	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1, 2, 3	
North Carolina, at Raleigh	Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17	
Ohio, at Cleveland	Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26	
Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1, 2, 3	
South Carolina, at Columbia	Nov. 11, 12, 13, 14	
Tennessee, at Nashville	Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18	
U. S. Ag. Society, at Philadelphia	Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10	
Vermont, at Burlington	Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12	
Virginia, at Richmond	Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31, & Nov. 1	
Virginia, at Wheeling Island	Sept. 17, 18, 19	
Wisconsin, at Milwaukee	Oct. 8, 9, 10	

For the Maine Farmer.

SUNDAY QUESTIONS ON DIVERS SUBJECTS.

MA. EDITOR.—Receipts given in newspapers are, often, very indefinite in some respects. For instance: in your paper of this date, in speaking of mangoes, you say,—"soak in salt and water several days," and then pour over them "prepared vinegar."

I would enquire how strong should the brine be made? How many days should the mangoes remain in the salt and water? And what is prepared vinegar—that is, what process must it go through, or how, and with what be compounded, in order to designate it from common, simple cider vinegar?

A few weeks since, you gave, as a remedy for "foot rot" in sheep, "a solution of lime vitriol." How strong should that solution be? For instance: To a pound of vitriol how much water should be added?

I would also ask how "ale yeast" is made? An article named in a bear scrap, given in the Farmer a few weeks ago.

Allow me, also, to ask: Are the orange hedges well adapted to the climate of Maine? And which is preferable, the orange orange, or the hawthorn hedge? And where can the seeds of the orange orange and the hawthorn be obtained?

What is the best season of the year for transplanting evergreen trees, such as the pine, fir, spruce, cedar, hemlock, &c.? And at what other seasons can they be transplanted with comparative safety and success? Also, if there are any special rules to be observed in taking up and re-setting them, what are those rules? Will the yellow locust thrive well in this State? Where can seeds of the same be obtained? When should it be sowed? Can the locust be profitably propagated here? And is it ornamental, and long-lived?

What sure remedy—if any there be—is there for, or preventive against the black knot, or wart, that destroys so many of our plum trees? I think of various other interesting and important questions that I may ask hereafter, but fear to tax you with more now.

Your answers, or answers from your practical correspondents, to the foregoing enquiries, will much oblige many of your readers, and, Franklin, Aug. 28th, 1856. AGRICOLA.

NOTE. We verily believe our friend Agricola has a fertile and inquisitive mind as it regards queries. We may as well state now, that, as many of the receipts published are gleanings from various sources, and published by the foreman of the office to make up a variety, we do not hold ourselves, as Editor, responsible for their correctness or incorrectness. So, in the present case, we will answer as we know or do not know, and leave the columns open for any others who may please to answer also.

1st. Mangoes. We leave this for others to explain.

2d. Foot Rot. We have recently made trial of the blue vitriol solution for this disease, and find it effectual. We used a saturated solution—that is, we put into the water more vitriol than it could dissolve.

3d. Ale Yeast. Not certain how it is made.

4th. We do not believe that the orange orange will bear up against our winters. We have tried them in exposed situations, and they were much injured. Our climate is not damp enough for the English hawthorn to flourish in. The buckthorn does well here for hedges; so does the native thorn, and so will the beech. Seeds of the orange orange may be obtained at seed stores in Boston.

5th. See last Farmer for note in regard to transplanting ornamental trees.

6th. The yellow locust will thrive in this State, but it does not grow so large or so rapidly as it does in the middle or western States. It is also much troubled by a borer which often-times destroys it. Seeds may be obtained at seed stores in Boston.

7th. Black knot on plum trees. Do not know any certain remedy, if we did, would proclaim it gladly. [Ed.]

THE TOMATO. It appears that the tomato has been used in some parts of Illinois, and in the neighborhood of Vincennes, for more than fifty years. The tomato, though now much more common than formerly, is still not to be found in many farmers' gardens. This should not be. By a little labor in enlarging the list of garden esculents, the farmers' annual expenses may be materially decreased, and much may be added to their comforts.

PLANT FROM THE BEST. A Virginian farmer in sending some fine corn to the Agricultural Office at Washington, says: "I have for twenty years saved for seed the top ear of the stalks that bear two and three ears apiece, and have in this manner improved the corn." This corn is said to make a fine, white meal, and a most nutritious bread, which is much relished by all who have partaken of it. The method adopted is worth the attention of our friends.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather—
Ah! me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
And thus this gleam may'teet again,
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral scene, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some lone bough hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter:
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thus this gleam may'teet again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom;
Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgins that adorn them so
Will never come again!

For the Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.
It is one of the encouraging signs of the time, that society is improving and that man is rising to a higher and truer civilization, the fact that an increased and still increasing attention is given to agriculture.

It is a most pleasing indication of real progress that Agricultural Fairs are now the order of the day; that they are not only held in the several counties of our own State, but that they are advertised to come off, the present autumn, in almost every State in the Union. These fairs seem to be taking the old-fashioned masters, which we had in days gone by, that really did no good, were of questionable tendency and were still attended with large expense to the State. We hail with joy the better condition of society, that believes practically in "beating the sword into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning hook."

There are several important uses which these agricultural exhibitions perform. They afford holidays to the people, characterized by pleasant and innocent recreations. Such days are of importance, for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is one of the things we need here in New England, more days of leisure and social recreation. There are too many of our people, both within doors and without that drudge through the year by constant labor of some kind. There are those who feel called upon to work every hour of the day through the week; and who almost begrudge the leisure of the Sabbath. This is a wrong state of mind. Man has a social nature and his good demands recreation to be found in days of public and private festivity and amusement.

Constant work dulls the intellectual faculties, for when the muscles are unceasingly taxed, the brain is deprived of that stimulus which it needs to excite thought. And man does not wish to be simply a machine, a creature that can toil and do nothing else. Overwork certainly hinders the full development of the social and intellectual character.

The one who works with his muscles as if that was the end of life, necessarily lives in a narrow world; his knowledge of what is going on among men must be limited indeed; and his influence can not be as much or as salutary as it might be. Fairs are designed to give us an opportunity to lay aside work for a few days and relax the muscles, give scope to the social feelings, and afford a season of general recreation.

Those who look at things aright will duly value such opportunities, and not deem them schemes to promote folly and encourage idleness.

Public agricultural exhibitions also give the opportunity to bring together many of the most important things that give wealth and importance to the community. They are an index of the actual stage of growth which a people have arrived at. They are a dignified type of the real life of the people, so far as that life is connected with the mechanical arts, with the fine arts even, and exhibit the achievement of useful talent and the trophies of inventive genius.

They bring the true public benefactors upon the stage, with their fruit, their cattle, their horses, sheep, and swine. They also furnish the lad with an opportunity of displaying the tokens of skill with the needle, of their appreciation of the beautiful in the flowers they present, of their substantial qualities in the cheese and butter which they offer as the product of their own dairies.

Such exhibitions of what really is of much practical importance to the public, can not be regarded but as subserving a great end in the elevation of the tone of common life.

It is common life that such fairs exhibit; and they now show who are among the true noblemen and noblewomen of the land.

They awaken a wholesome emulation; they arouse a desire to make improvement; they rouse up dormant ambition, and infuse a healthy stimulus into the public system. Such marks of industry, such guaranty of living among the masses, such specimens of beauty associated with usefulness, must educate the public taste and exert a decided and desirable influence.

Will not, then, the Farmers of Maine, with their wives and their sons and daughters see to it, that the agricultural fairs, within their respective limits shall be attended to, this fall? Make your calculations beforehand to attend. If you have anything rare or excellent, carry it. Do not be selfish, but be at some trouble and expense, if need be, to help on a good work.

Augusta, Sept. 3, 1856.

HAVE a place for every tool, and never leave one out of its place.

FARM WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

Monday next will be the first day of September. Some occupiers of farms will think that a month of leisure. Hunting, and fishing, and riding about, and nothing to do on the farm but to cut the cornstalks and put them in pikes. Why, bless ye, say they, it is not time yet to dig potatoes or to harvest corn. The cows have now the liberty to crop the fall feed, and they need no attention except to be milked night and morning. What have we to do in the farming line till we cut up our corn in October, and strip off the husks?

With such philosophy, and such reasoning as this is it wonderful that many a New England farm is run down and run out? And when we add, as we may, the practice of selling off half the hay and grain and keeping but few animals to make manure, we need not wonder that many farms have run out. No one would hire them and pay three per cent. on their estimated value. But September is really too important a month to be passed in this manner. If your bushes were all mown in August, so much the better, that is a good month to cut them, and you have now leisure for more important improvements.

September has now become quite an important month for sowing grass seed. The plan which we have been strenuously urging since January, 1853, in the Ploughman, and in a former paper which we began to publish at that date, has extended in all directions, and now it is practiced upon in New York, Pennsylvania, and many of the western States.

It has, indeed, produced quite a revolution in regard to the mode of managing grass lands—and now in many districts, as much grass seed is sown in September as in April. Inquire at the old seed stores in Boston, and you will be told that fifteen years ago but very little grass seed was called for in September.

It is good policy to sow both in April and in September. Farmers who have planted lands one year in order to lay them down to grass the next year, will sow spring grain and grass seed with it. This is the most proper mode for lands suitable for tillage. But we have many tracts which lie too low and flat for planting. We cannot get in the seed in season for a good crop of grain or with a good crop of grain or with a good prospect for grass.

Thousands of acres of land of this character have been suffered to lie for long years, producing but very little grass. The new mode of treatment of these low and flat lands, enables the farmer to do a part of his spring work in the autumn.

His teams are now strong and easily fed. He can lay his furrows so flat, in many a field, that his harrow will not tear them up. After ploughing, the harrow should be run lengthwise of the furrows before the grass seed is sown. Yet first of all, after ploughing, the compost manure must be carried on and spread. This should be thoroughly harrowed in with the grass seed.

Our friends will recollect, that one peck of herds, grass per acre is abundantly sufficient if the seed is good—for if more is sown, it comes up so thick as to be matted—it does not grow tall, but it "binds out" the very first year. When a man tells you to sow a half bushel or a bushel per acre, if you have any doubts about it, make particular inquiry whether he has any correct information in regard to it.

Three or four pecks of red-top seed may be sown per acre, with the herdsgrass. Much of this seed is quite light, and chaffy, and cheap. There is not so much danger of binding in this case as in that of herdsgrass. Clover may be sown just before winter, and left to be buried by the rains and snows—or it may be sown on the snow in March.

Thousands of acres of low and flat land, not suitable for planting in the spring, may now be turned over with a good plough, and put to grass with a good prospect for a next year's crop. Much of this low land will yield a better hay harvest than the grounds usually devoted to tillage. You may plough a part only of a very large field, and sow it without fencing off—for cattle will not be inclined to trample on it when they are after fall feed.

Corn should be topped in the fore part of September, unless you intend to pursue the modern method of cutting up the whole at the roots just before the frost comes. But as we cannot always tell when that important event is to happen, and as we like to let the sun in a little earlier in order to hasten the ripening, we advise to cut the tops and secure them in pikes, to stand about two weeks, when they may be packed in the barn. When we pursue this course, we find that "we can haul a bushel quicker than when the tops are left on till harvest time. We see no improvement in the modern mode of letting the tops remain till harvest time, unless in special cases, where the corn land is to be ploughed early and laid down to grass.

A new mode of operation is usually attended with disadvantages. Farming is commonly done by hired men, who are not very skillful in the arts. Their employers must teach them a new trade—and this for one year only, as the majority of laborers are hired for only a single summer.

When the corn is topped in due season, and the bundles are piled up to stand a couple of weeks only, the fodder is agreeable to all kinds of cattle, and no loss is sustained, unless the labor may be accounted greater, which, we think, has never yet been proved.

September is the best month to make general improvements on the farm. The hay harvest is over, and cattle obtain their own living in the fields. Ditching low grounds and swamps is done at this season with more facility than at any other. Peat turf will burn this fall, provided we are favored with a little fair weather, and it is often the case that the sods will burn better after drying for one month, than after lying on the surface a whole year.

Hogs should have particular attention in September. Vegetation is rank, and they are now fed with half the cost of spring feeding. Fattening hogs will want a little old meal to mix with their vegetables, and new corn may be cut up by way of variety.

[Massachusetts Ploughman.]

THE GREAT AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphiaans are wide awake in regard to the exhibition of the U. S. Agricultural Society, which takes place in that city next month. The local committee are straining every nerve to have the exhibition excel that held in Boston last year. The following paragraphs from the Philadelphia Inquirer give some idea of the extent of the preparations made for the exhibition:

"The preparations for this exhibition at Powelton, Twenty-fourth Ward, are progressing rapidly. A very large number of workmen are employed. A large portion of the fencing has been already put up. The grounds within the enclosure embrace an area of about fifty acres, reaching nearly to the wire bridge on the North, and upon the South taking in the ravine and the old cemetery near the Fairmount bridge. Upon the East the fence runs along the high water line, taking in the river road, and using up the former camping ground. A public road, thirty feet in width, will be left on the West of the enclosure between the latter and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The ground will be double in extent that of the State Fair two years since. Many of the sheds are nearly finished, and they present quite a picturesque appearance with their gable ends jutting toward the fair grounds. There will be stalls provided for twelve hundred cattle.

A prominent feature of the ground is the course for the exhibition of horses, near the southern end. The track will be nearly level, and great care is taken to adapt it for the purpose for which it is designed. The ring is half a mile in circumference, and will accommodate eight thousand spectators. Inside this ring the tent of President Wilder will be located. The tents for the different departments of the exhibition, for the officers, for the banquet, and for the use of the reporters for the Press, will occupy appropriate places on the grounds. Some idea of the extent of the buildings to be erected may be formed from the fact that in addition to the tents and marquees, over half a million feet of lumber will be required in putting up the necessary temporary structures.

The entrance to the grounds will be at the northern and southern extremities of the area, and the exit gates will be located on the western. The exhibition will commence on the 7th of October. The Butchers' Association intend to celebrate the event by a grand parade, for which active and extensive preparations are making."

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE

Reparations for the coronat

of the train, and killing five persons.

Salem R.

ater. - 1st East Winthrop, Sept. 8, 1856.

3w38 331f BENJAMIN & CO., WIL

rop, Maine. I A true copy—Attest: F. DAVIS, Register

37 | Waterville, Aug. 1, 1856. 6w54

X. BRADBURY.

The Muse.

THE AETNAL EPIGRAM.

Room for King Autumn! Room!
Summer, the waning queen, has run to doom.
And bled with war-like die,
The rude but dandied conqueror marches in.
See how his banners fly,
The gauds of cloud and stain-streaked sky.
Hark to his pipe and drum!
On the floor blast their stormy clangors—
They whistle and they beat
O'er the wide ocean, through the narrow street;
While to their terrible call
The surges mount, and trees and turret fall.
His cannon on the air
Flashes and roars. It is his sign! Room there!

Now he is sitting crowned;
And golden sunsets bend his brow around,
And rustling robes of gold
Warm up the last leaves of his mottled bowers.
At night the moon's pale face
Rises before its time to grace.
Now plentiful fruits—not such
As those before them, mouldering soon to dust,
But hardy, ripening still
For use long hence—the patient garners fill.

O equinoctial time,
Where daisies nodding toward the frosty clime
Of this strange life! In raids
Of storm and wrath at first thy power invades;
And at the ominous gear
Which Nature shakes at, a poor heart may quail.
Now King, be good to me,
Let me thy mellow fancies round me see,
And something laid in store,
When leaves have dropped and flowers will bloom no more.
And take not clean away
The genial gods that warmed a longer day.
Hunters' and Harvest moon,
Loath to desert, and coming up so soon,
Be emblem to my mind
Of love, that with most needed shows most kind;
And all that craves and flowers will bloom no more.
Breeze of pavilioned hope and no ignoble rest.

The Story-Teller.

GOLD HUNTING.

[CONCLUDED.]

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.

As the great Dr. Swinburne could not leave the Medical Hall, he set himself about enclosing it with post and rail, and ornamenting it by the importation of various flowering shrubs from the neighboring forest. He had neither mortar nor scales, nor any drugs to weigh and compound in them; so he proposed to supply himself from a druggist's not far off, should he be fortunate enough to obtain any patients. And these were not long wanting. Accidents were constantly occurring on the field, and George, who was proud about for fresh claims was sure to cry out "To Dr. Swinburne!" and he helped to carry the patient there. Adam's recovery was soon perceived, and advice was given under a sovereign, and a few doses of medicine were rewarded with an ounce—this is an ounce, value three pounds seventeen shillings.

"Who would dig?" said Adam, triumphantly as he tossed the first real sovereign in his hands. George, who will be tent-keeper, and cook, and we'll go halves till there's enough for you to start as a lawyer with in Melbourne; and then you shall give me halves for the first year. There! That, I know, is a good bargain for me."

George set to work in his new post. Soon they had a Medical Hall of really grand dimensions for canvas, and not only a pestle and mortar and medicines, but Adam had his horse, and rode far and wide through the diggings. George was groom, and, as they had little to be robbed of in the tent—for Adam every evening carried his cash to the gold office at the government camp—when Adam was on his rounds, George amused himself by felling poles in the woods just by, and peeling stringy bark, with which he soon built a stable near the Medical Hall. The horse was fed on hay and oats at a shilling a pound each; and they themselves on bread at five shillings the quarter loaf, potatoes at one shilling a pound, and fresh butter at five shillings a pound. But what then? The gold flowed in a royal stream. Adam plucked out a digger's tooth—a pound; clapped a piece of sticking-plaster on a bruised arm—a pound; gave a dose of salt in a bottle of water and a little colic-matter—a pound. Nothing was done under a pound popped into the hand at the moment. A particular case, and down came "an ounce."

"Doctor," a digger would say, "just look at my leg."

"Ha! I see," replies Adam. "You must give over drinking."

"That's true," says the fellow. "But doctor, I've no money, but there's an ounce."

There was a deal of dysentery. Adam might have said with a certain doctor, "A world of sickness! Providence has been very kind to us lately! but he was too humane. Nevertheless, he could not but exult in his unbounded success. "This is the true gold mine, George; you will soon have to be off to Melbourne, and commence conveyancer. And yet what an I do to without you? Who is to watch my tent, and cook, and keep all straight, and have my horse ready, and in such condition? It is really a shame, George, to make a groom and butler of you; but there is nobody that can do like you. Well, a few weeks. In fact, Adam's practice was already at the rate of eight thousand a year.

One morning Adam started up, for he had a hard day's ride before him. Typhus fever was raging in a low flat, where quantities of stagnant water had collected, and heaps of offal and all kinds of impurities were scattered over the ground, and rotted and fettered in the sun. He had been there day after day for the last week, not only attending to the numerous poor people who were attacked by the fever, but by using sanitary measures carried out, by burning or burying the putrid matter. He had been in the field for the last week, and there had been a scene that made him stand in utter astonishment. It was a slaughter yard, which had been recently deserted by the butchers being actually driven away by the intolerable stench and the legions of flies which enveloped them at their business, and made it impossible to proceed. And what a scene! The whole hill was one mass of dead dogs and piles of bullock's heads, all rotting in an inconceivable fetor, and blackened over with flies, which rose up with a sound as of thunder. Torrents of gore had rolled down the sides of the hill, and the fenced slaughter yard was hung with hides which had curled and dried to the hardness of boards in the sun. No wonder at the typhus which raged below.

Adam rode off to the government camp, where an inspector lived with a salary of three hundred pounds a year, whose main business was to prevent these very nuisances. But the man said no man were to be got to cover up the decomposing mass. Adam appealed to the commissioner, who replied with a shrug, and asked where

the men at a pound a day each to be found. Without waiting to give a reply, he rode back to the flat, called together the diggers, and told them that they must either relinquish the gold in the flat, or their lives; or they must come to the rescue, and bury the horrible Golgotha. At once, and to a man, they shouldered pick and shovel, mounted the hill of abomination, and in a single day its horrors were buried deep and secure from evil or offense.

This morning poor Adam, however, reeled forward, as he rose from his bed, and fell on the floor.

"Gracious heavens, Adam, what ails you?" cried George, springing to his assistance.

But Adam had already partly recovered himself, and sitting up, rubbed his hand across his forehead, and said: "Oh my head! my head! What is this?"

"What is it?" asked George, in alarm; "how do you feel, Adam?"

"Dizzy! dizzy!" said Adam. "The tent goes round with me—the ground reels—Heaven help me! I must lie down."

He lay down again on his bed, while George, leaning over him in the utmost terror and anxiety, said,

"I'll run for the doctor; you are very, very ill, I know."

"Yes," said Adam, "do, dear George; I know what it is—it is that fatal typhus."

*George darted from the tent like one possessed, with nothing on but his shirt and trousers. With bare feet, careless of the myriads of broken bottles which strew the ground of every digger, he rushed along, unmindful of wondering looks and numberless inquiries from the surprised spectators. The same kindhearted medical man who had attended Adam before was soon at his bedside. Adam was lying still, but pale. The slightest attempt to raise his head produced the same reeling, rolling sensation. The doctor at once pronounced it an attack of typhus, and that it had seized powerfully on the system. It must, he said, have been gathering head for several days, but had been unperceived by Adam from his state of active exertion and excitement. He ordered the tent to be kept cool and well open to the air, and sent in immediately the necessary remedies. He promised to see him again in a very few hours, and to get another young surgeon to attend Adam's patients. When he left the tent, George threw himself on his knees by the bed, and, seizing Adam's hand, he said—

"O, Adam, if I could but suffer this for you—

—you who are so much wanted—so useful—and I who am of no use to anybody."

"You, George! why you are everything to me. What could I do without you now? Listen, and yet don't frighten yourself, but let me speak to you while I can, for I may become delirious."

George gave a groan, and turned deathly pale.

"Nay, now," continued Adam, "you are frightening yourself, and yet all may be well, and most likely will, for I am young and strong, but it is necessary to be prepared. Hear then, if anything happens to me, you are to take everything for the present—sell everything; and with the money in the bank, go down to Melbourne, and commence your career; you will succeed; and when you can do it without inconvenience, settle the few hundred pounds on my mother and sister—they are poor, and will miss me."

Here Adam was silent, as if serious thoughts pressed on him, and George was weeping and sobbing, strong man as he was, in an utter abandonment of grief. But Adam said again:

"Why, how now, George? that is really weak of you. I have no fear any way myself—I feel the fever should carry me off, God's will be done! but I am not imagining that; I only tell you what I should, as a prudent man, tell you. Pray get a branch, and drive away these flies."

George recovered himself, brought at once a leafy branch, and began waving it near Adam's head, to keep the flies from his face.

"This is a delicious fan, too," said Adam, with a smile, "and if you could read to me a little in the Gospels, that would indeed be luxurious."

George took the book, and began. His heart now clung to every word as to the sole anchor of earthly existence.

But Adam's precautions soon showed themselves just. The disease, spite of the most skillful and unremitting efforts of the doctor, grew and went on resistlessly. The weather was intensely hot; the flies, drawn, no doubt, by the miasma of the complaint, poured in in legions—eager, fearless, intensely active, and assailing legions—and it required all George's exertions to whisk them away with his never-resting branch from the face of his friend.

Adam's head became more confused, his thoughts wandered, he was already delirious, though quietly so, and his mind was busy in the home of his youth. He told his mother and sister what he had been doing for them, how successful he had been; a few more years, and he should come back a very rich man, and then they should never know any more poverty, any more necessity, with all its curtailings and contrivings. There was another being—a Mary Hepburn—who made a beautiful part of the picture of that fair future, and his dear friend George, his friend and brother, how were they all to love him for his kindness and faithful affection to him.

As he uttered these things, George listened with a heart ready to break, and often started up wildly, as if he would snatch and tear away the clinging veil that enveloped him. He saw here revealed the daily thoughts which reigned in the mind of poor Adam—which had made his ride so delightful, his duties so easy; and now, if the worst happened, what was to become of those beloved beings for whom he had thus planned and toiled? How was he himself to bear it?

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the doctor, attended by another medical man. George's heart felt a spasm at the sight; it was proof that the doctor was himself alarmed. They requested George to allow them to be alone for a few minutes, and then the doctor, stepping out with a grave air, said to George:

"You must be courageous, my friend; you must not be cast down; but I fear the fever will prove too strong for us. It is a hard case, and I am very sorry. Poor Swinburne! he is a fine fellow, a noble fellow! I think I never saw such a man. So clever, so modest, and so kind. If ever there was a martyr to a kind, generous heart it is your friend. But what are you about?" perceiving George standing as if frozen to the spot, and trembling in every joint with emotion.

"You must not give way, Mr. Widdington—you must not, indeed; we'll try yet—we may succeed. All is as God wills, and as for you you have much to do. You must keep the tent as cool as you can; and these cursed flies, don't let them tease him; moisten the patient's lips often with water, keep these cooling wet cloths to his head, and I'll be back presently."

The doctors in silence took their leave. George went in, threw himself down by the sufferer's bed, kissed passionately his burning forehead, and his fevered, dry hand, while poor

Adam slept soundly and unconscious of his friend's affliction. What a watch of deep and speechless wretchedness was that of George Widdington! With no soul to exchange a thought, a care with—all alone in the world with this great grief, this overwhelming terror and trouble. Yet incessantly he waved the protecting bough, keeping back the undaunted presence of flies, and replacing cool cloths on the burning head of his friend, and moistening his parched lips.

The doctor reappeared.

"He sleeps!" cried George; "sleeps deep and quietly—that must be well."

The information delighted no approving nod, or brightening expression, from the doctor.

"It is comatose sleep," he said "it bodes us no good."

George was struck dumb, and the coldness of death seemed to go through his very marrow.

In that warm season of a climate so much warmer than our own, the progress of disease was rapid. Adam slept on. Night came, the tormenting flies withdrew, and George at last, motionless by the sick bed, the picture of desolation. Adam moved, opened his eyes, and seeing George as he there sat, haggard and ghastly with watching and harrowing anxiety, he put out his hand and said:

"Dearest George, you must part. I feel it—I imagined it before. But you must bear up. You have many dear to you. If you are not happy in this country—to them—that is the best fortune. And—but I will not repeat it—you will be kind to my beloved ones, as you have been kind to me. And now dear George, one more chapter of St. John."

George was beside himself with grief; he sobbed hysterically, but could not speak a word. Yet he rose, brought the Bible, and after a hard struggle with himself, he opened the book and read, "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

At this point George felt a strong pressure of Adam's hand. He looked at him. Adam gave him an inexpressible affectionate smile, and once more his eyes closed—his grasp relaxed—and George sat silently gazing upon him. This had continued about a quarter of an hour, when he perceived Adam slightly move, give a faint sigh, and lie still. It was an ominous stillness. George started up, put his hand to his mouth, and sank back into his seat, clasping his head in his hands. Adam was dead!

If ever there was a desolate spot on earth, it was that tent that night; if ever a grief-protruded being it was poor George. Through those long dark hours he sat, and the whole world seemed dark with him. Till that moment he never seemed to have known the goodness and pleasantness of his friend—never to have valued him aright. That cheerful, hopeful soul, that mind so full of knowledge and sunny thoughts, and cordial, genial humor. From that night of the future he shrank back; from that dark solitary road that he must travel among rude strangers alone.

But time stops neither for the happy nor the miserable. Morning came, and with it the doctor and the flies. In a kindly but energetic tone, he told George that he must rise himself; that the funeral must take place that very day, and covering over the body with a sheet, he bade George go attend to the horse while he went and gave the necessary orders. When he returned, he forced George away with him to his own tent and kept him there.

We must not dwell on this melancholy part of our story. In a few days the remains of Adam Swinburne slept in the already populous cemetery of Forest Creek. George, exerting himself under the kindly influence of the doctor, had sold the tent and effects, the doctor wishing to purchase the horse, and for which, spite of George's remonstrances, he paid a very handsome price, though his medical attendance had, of course, been gratuitous to his brother practitioner. The money George had transferred to the Bank of Australasia, in Melbourne, with the exception of a small reserve for his own necessities, and as a loan, and sent an order to pay it over to their banker in London, for Adam's mother, to whom he wrote the melancholy news of her son's decease.

For himself, the prospect of a sedentary life in Melbourne, even with the hope of achieving a brilliant fortune, had at present no charms. He seemed to need action, constant restlessness, the life of the hills, the free freshness of the forest, hard travel, hard labor, to drive the deadly torpor from his spirit, to give him sleep at night. There was a fever in his blood that seemed to urge him on and on. So, in the rude phrase of the digger, he once more humphed his swag, that is, through the rolled-up blanket on his back, with pick, shovel, and tin dish, and set out for fresh scenes.

We need not follow him too minutely. He travelled from one gold-field to another, and dug laboriously, with varied success. But he was always a solitary digger; he never felt as if he could take a stranger into the place of Adam the imitator. Autumn found him at the Ovens, much improved in his funds, but still restless and melancholy. Besides the death of Adam Swinburne, he had other griefs which lay heavy upon him. Since he set foot on Australian ground he had never received a single line from any one at home, nor could he learn from any new arrival that his letters home had been more fortunate. Every one attributed the fact, which was by no means a solitary one, to the inefficient condition of the Melbourne post office, from a false economy of the colonial government, was not half manned, and was become an unfaithful limbo of letters and newspapers.

But this theory did not remove the fact that George had had no communication with his home friends, and a thousand uneasy and gloomy shaping fancies haunted his mind. Had he not acted a foolish part? Thrown recklessly away the brightest prospects for a mere ignis fatuus? Might not Ellen Mowbray have gradually come to consider him in the long period for serious reflection, as a fickle, impetuous, and not very sagacious character? The only person who could give him any information of the state of affairs at home was a sailor, who had originally been a Workworth fisherman, then had sailed in a Hull merchantman, and run off the diggings. From him George heard that his own family was well; but that Mr. Mowbray was dead. When the man spoke of Miss Mowbray, he seemed to give George a look as if he said, "Ay, and did you miss it there, Master Widdington? What a beautiful lady, Miss Mowbray was grown! How she was admired! There was not a woman in Northumbria fit to carry her shoes after her; and now so rich as she was, he reckoned she would marry a lord or a duke at last."

That was the only news George had received since he landed; and poor and more weary as the information of such a man was, it did not fail to disturb him. He resolved to return home, not as the prodigal son, unless he found open doors to receive him, but with the little capital he now possessed, to commence practice in Newcastle. Wonderful rumors were at this

moment flying to and fro of a new gold-field at Lake Omo, on the Gippsland side of the snowy mountains. It was an expedition that seemed powerfully on his feverish, restless mind. New scenes in the wildest mountain regions, a stout walk by swift rivers, and through mountain forests, over snow-crowned peaks, and amid the vigorous winds of autumn,—his heart felt cooled and lightened at the thought of it. From Omo to Melbourne was but few days' journey, and then he would take ship for Melbourne and home, then he would take ship for Melbourne and home, then he would take ship for Melbourne and home.

The distance to Omo from the Ovens was an hundred and seventy miles. In three long days, and with his rug rolled neatly on his back, his shawl slung by his hooked handle on the helve of his pick, and a striking figure as he strode along. His tall and graceful form, his elastic step, his quick and handsome character to turn upon them as they passed; and there was an evident feeling of surprise manifested in the grave looks of the passers by, at the really handsome but careworn features of the young man. Handsome brown hair beneath his ruddy wide-awake, and a short, rather golden-haired beard, ought to have belonged to a youthful cheerful face, but they shaded fine features on which there lay a sickly hue, and a settled gloom.

George Widdington was seated on a fallen tree by the wayside, on the evening of the third day of his journey. He was thinking whether he should there pitch his little tent for the night, or make another stop onward. The country was becoming hilly, and increasingly toilsome for the traveller. Green grasses thinly scattered with trees, rose finely at the foot of still more lofty and thickly wooded heights; and his eyes rested on the scenery with a pleasure which strongly tempted him to stop there for the night. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, a couple of equestrians appeared rounding the road. The one was an elderly gentleman, the other a young lady of striking beauty, and in a fashionable habit and riding hat. The lady was mounted on a remarkably handsome horse, and came slowly on, conversing with the elderly gentleman in a voice which excited, by its musical and cultivated tones, the wonder of our traveller. "Do you see that?" he said to himself, "send forth apparitions like these?"

As the strangers passed, they both gazed earnestly at George, as if they saw more than an ordinary digger in his appearance. He involuntarily raised his hat to the lady who rode nearest to him, and she returned the courtesy by a graceful inclination of the head and a pleasant smile. But George Widdington followed the lady with a fixed regard that partook of the noblest astonishment.

A smile came, and what a strong likeness to Ellen Mowbray! The former was taller, the face of a more mature character, there was a wide difference, and yet a most wonderful resemblance. It was Ellen and it was not; but who could it be having any so kindred a look in this far off world? George was lost in astonishment and greatly excited, and while his eyes were fixed on the strange vision, he saw her speak to her companion. They stopped their horses, and the gentleman came back.

There was a remarkable mildness and gentleness in his appearance, and addressing George, evidently as a gentleman, he said:

"You are bound for Omo, probably?"

"Yes," replied George.

"The night is coming on," said the stranger, "and the roads are very steep. Had you not better stop here? My hut is just on the hill there—pointing to a white house, not far off, that stood boldly overlooking the country."

"Thank you," replied George, smiling, "but I carry my horse with me," touching his swag.

"But I think mine is better," rejoined the amiable old gentleman, and it is at your service. The night, I think, will be stormy. The birds are flocking in crowds down from the mountains, and that tells of wild weather in the hills."

"You are very kind, sir," said George, whose own curiosity drew him vigorously to learn something more of the lady. "I will gratefully accept your hospitality."

"That is right," said the gentleman, heartily. "You will see the track above," and he rode on.

George followed, full of strange thoughts and feelings, and wonderfully struck, when he reached the level of the range on which the station stood, at the view of the country around. Above and before him ascended lofty piles of hills, dark with forests and bold with projecting foreland and retiring coasts. Below lay a vast country and boundless breadth of dark roads, and near at hand green and swelling fields, having a soft yet bold beauty and a verdure sprinkled with graceful trees, as if human cultivation and taste had been at work there, instead of the spirit of nature, which alone it was.

As he drew near the house, he found that it was embellished by a large garden, in which apple trees hung with their autumnal crop in the most prodigal profusion, in such abundance that they were obliged to be propped to prevent the branches being torn off by their load. In front, seats were placed on turf under the trees, and everywhere there were proofs that people of superior taste lived there, who had ideas beyond mere squatting. George took his way to the apartment where casual callers of the digger class were generally entertained, and deposited his load on the floor. But the master of the house speedily appeared, and requested him to accompany him to his own sitting-room, first offering him an adjoining bedroom to wash in.

On entering the sitting-room, which likewise presented many instances, in its furnishing, of the same superior style of living as was obvious elsewhere, he was presented to the young lady he had lately seen, and who, having put off her riding dress, was busy preparing tea, which was on the table.

The likeness to Ellen Mowbray was not now so striking, and yet there was a likeness, in expression as well as feature. But her form was taller and more slender, and she could not be less than six or seven-and-twenty years of age. She advanced as her father introduced George, saying, "Here is our guest," with the most affable and yet lady-like sweetness, and offered the young man her hand, thus, as well as by his instalment in their own apartment, showing that she knew him to be a gentleman, though a digger in costume.

"You have done well, I think, sir," she said, while motioning him to be seated at the table, on which stood not only tea apparatus but substantial dishes of meat and pies, "to stay here, for the mountains are becoming almost too wintery for tent lodging."

George said he was certainly much better off here than anywhere.

"Do you know," said he, who was busily helping their guest to some smoking beef-steak, "that I fear you will find, yourself, too much water to look you to work?"

"I shall then only have my usual luck," said George.

"Have you not been lucky?" asked his host.

"Not as diggers call luck," replied the young man.

"But as gentlemen find it, I suppose," said the lady, brightly smiling. George bowed.

"How! how must I call you, my young friend?" continued the father, "for one is awkward without names."

"My name is Widdington."

"George Widdington?" added the young lady, fixing a blushing and earnest, yet brightly smiling gaze at him.

"Oh!" exclaimed George, "you know my name!" He sat fixed with amazement.

"Oh!" continued the lady, rising suddenly, and seizing his hand, "it is a name very familiar to us." And at the same time, he found his other hand seized by the old gentleman, who, with his eye lighting with emotion, exclaimed, "Welcome, Mr. Widdington, welcome—right welcome—to Mount Tracy!"

"But may I ask," said George, more and more overpowered with wonder, "by what means you know me, and who they are by whom I am thus accented?"

"Tracy is our name," said the young lady.

"Tracy! If I were in New Zealand the mystery would be clear; but here—"

"Here you see the same Tracy," said the lady, still holding George's hand, and with features glowing with pleasure.

"Then you are the cousin of Ellen Mowbray," said George, more and more astonished, "and there goes another mystery, your strong likeness to her."

"Am I like her, think you? But, my dear father, was I not right when I said that the very like George Widdington who sat by the road?"

"Again you amaze me," said George. "You never saw me before; then how could you know me?"

"Do you think I had no reason to recognize you?" added she, taking down a miniature which hung amongst others on the wall, and presenting it to him. It was one which he had, shortly before leaving England, given to Ellen Mowbray, and saying, "I see," he sat down in a state of strangely mingled emotion.

"But this will be joyful news for your friends; we must lose no time in sending it off."

"Have my friends inquired after me," demanded George.

"Have they inquired?" exclaimed Miss Tracy. "What! have you never seen advertisement after advertisement in the Melbourne papers, making all possible inquiries after you? Don't you know that not a word has reached England respecting you since you left it?"

"I can't believe it," said George; "for no news, except one slight fragment of intelligence through a stranger, has ever reached me. As for the papers, I have never had them."

"That is still more strange," said Miss Tracy for not a month passed without letters having been written to you."

"Of which," replied George, "I never received one."

"Then we have much to tell you," said Miss Tracy, first whispering a word in her father's ear; and then followed a long revelation of events and messages which gave George the most profound satisfaction. His own parents and brother were all perfectly well, Miss Mowbray was the same; and the very facts of her having sent over her portrait to her cousin, to make every possible inquiry after him, were unmistakable evidences that her feelings towards him were in no degree changed. The whole was to him like a sudden opening in heaven. A deadly weight was thrown from his bosom. The hovering shade cleared wonderfully from his brow. As if a strange enchantment, he found himself at once in the house of affectionate friends, and in communication with his own nearest and dearest connections. The vast circle of the globe seemed suddenly reduced to compassable dimensions, over which the voices of those he loved could at length reach him.

After Mr. Tracy had retired for the night, he sat with Miss Tracy, and soon found that she was perfectly acquainted with his history. She left him in no doubt as to the warm and unshaken attachment of her cousin to him, and of the zealous and continued exertion she had made to trace him out, both for the satisfaction of his anxious family and her own. She produced and read many extracts from Ellen's letters, and George went to bed that night and dreamed of youth and happiness renewed. In the noble heart of so devoted a woman as Ellen Mowbray he felt himself richer than if he had dug up all the gold in the crevices of Victoria.

The next day, Miss Tracy, whose good, clear sense and warm-hearted character he more and more admired, took him a long ride through the woods and hills, which greatly raised his ideas of the country there, and on their return, as he waited for dinner, he heard voices in the adjoining room, which was the sleeping room of Miss Tracy, the house being only of one story, which made him wonder what guest had arrived in his absence. It was the voice of another lady, very like in its utterance to that of Miss Tracy. Presently, as the conversation grew more earnest, he caught a tone which thrilled through his heart like fire. It was the very tone of Ellen Mowbray, as he had heard it in her happiest moments, and as he thought, could never confound with any other. But that could not be here; she could not be here.

As he stood full of wonder in that most wonderful house, which at every instant gave him a new surprise, a bright face appeared at the door, an exclamation of delight was given, and Ellen Mowbray herself was in his arms.

There she was, glowing and trembling with emotion, beautiful as ever, but with the expression of a saddened experience, and a woman's deepest anxiety stamped on those lovely, mind-enobled features. George now learned that after her father's death, Ellen, on learning that her uncle Tracy had removed from New Zealand to this colony, had determined to pay them a visit, and learn, if possible, the fate of her lover. She had left her property in the care of George's father. She had been here three months, occupied—hitherto in vain—with inquiries after him. The quick eye of Miss Tracy had detected him, or he might have crossed the mountains and returned to Europe, to find that he had passed her very door at the antipodes.

[CONCLUDED ON THIRD PAGE.]

SWISS EMIGRATION. The emigration fever, which had subsided in the last two years, in Switzerland as well as in Germany, has this year received a new impulse from the favorable accounts received from the United States. A considerable number of Swiss emigrants, mainly from the western cantons, have started for Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, since spring. Quite a number of colonies from the French cantons have located themselves in Algeria, where they have enjoyed the special protection of the government officials, and are said to be well pleased with their new home. Societies are also on the eve of departure to found colonies in the Central American States, especially in Honduras and Costa Rica—the latter scheme being, according to rumor, under the auspices of Mr. Spaur.

When is a farmer very maternal? When he cradles his grain.

EVERYBODY USES BUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT!

YOUR KIDNEY is in danger, because it wants their medicine.

But as gentlemen find it, I suppose," said the lady, brightly smiling. George bowed.

"How! how must I call you, my young friend?" continued the father, "for one is awkward without names."

"My name is Widdington."

"George Widdington?" added the young lady, fixing a blushing and earnest, yet brightly smiling gaze at him.

"Oh!" exclaimed George, "you know my name!" He sat fixed with amazement.

"Oh!" continued the lady, rising suddenly, and seizing his hand, "it is a name very familiar to us." And at the same time, he found his other hand seized by the old gentleman, who, with his eye lighting with emotion, exclaimed, "Welcome, Mr. Widdington, welcome—right welcome—to Mount Tracy!"

"But may I ask," said George, more and more overpowered with wonder, "by what means you know me, and who they are by whom I am thus accented?"

"Tracy is our name," said the young lady.

"Tracy! If I were in New Zealand the mystery would be clear; but here—"

"Here you see the same Tracy," said the lady, still holding George's hand, and with features glowing with pleasure.

"Then you are the cousin of Ellen Mowbray," said George, more and more astonished, "and there goes another mystery, your strong likeness to her."

"Am I like her, think you? But, my dear father, was I not right when I said that the very like George Widdington who sat by the road?"

"Again you amaze me," said George. "You never saw me before; then how could you know me?"

"Do you think I had no reason to recognize you?" added she, taking down a miniature which hung amongst others on the wall, and presenting it to him. It was one which he had, shortly before leaving England, given to Ellen Mowbray, and saying, "I see," he sat down in a state of strangely mingled emotion.

"But this will be joyful news for your friends; we must lose no time in sending it off."

<